Deme. Relent, sweete *Hermia*, and, *Lysander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: doe you marry him.
Ege. Scornefull *Lysander*, true, he hath my loue:
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lysand. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well possest: my loue is more than his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;
And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof:
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,
My minde did loose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with mee:
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;
Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vowe of single life.
Come my *Hyppolita*: what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* goe along:
I must employ you in some businesse,
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of

Of some thing, nerely that concernes your selues.
Ege. With duety and desire, we follow you, *Exeunt.*
Lysand. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the roses there doe fade so fast?
Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.
Lis. Eigh me: for aught that I could euer reade,
Could euer here by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe:
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O crosse! too high to be inthrald to loue.
Lis. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.
Lis. Or else, it stoode vpon the choyce of friends;
Her. O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
Warre, death or sickneese, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany, as a sound;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And, ere a man hath power to say, beholde,
The iawes of darkeneese do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true louers haue bin euer crost,
It stands as an edict, in destiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience:
Because it is a customary crosse,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes, and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lys. A good perswasion: therefore heare mee, *Hermia*:
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe:
From *Athens* is her house remote, seauen leagues:
And she respectes mee, as her only sonne:

There